Lord Douglas' Tragedy.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE SHEPHERD'S COURTSHIP

The Blythſome Bridal;

OR THE

LASS WI' THE GOUDEN HAIR.

THE FAREWELL.

Licenſed and Entered, 1792.

LORD DOUGLAS' TRAGEDY

RISE up, riſe up, Lord Douglas, ſhe ſays,
and draw to your arms ſo bright,
Let it never be ſaid a daughter of yours,
ſhall go with a Lord or a Knight.

Riſe up, riſe up, my ſeven bold ſons,
and draw to your arms ſo bright,
Let it never be ſaid a ſiſter of yours
ſhall go with a Lord or a Knight.

He looked over his left ſhoulder,
to ſee what he could ſee,
And there he ſpy'd her ſeven brethren bold,
and her father who lov'd her tenderly.

Light down, light down Lady Marg'ret he ſaid
and hold my ſteed in thy hand,
That I may go fight with your brethren bold
and your father who 's juſt now at hand.

O there ſhe ſtood, and better ſhe ſtood,
and never did ſhed a tear
Till once that ſhe ſaw her ſeven brethren ſlain
and her father ſhe lov'd ſo dear.

Hold your hand, hold your hand, William, ſhe ſaid
for thy ſtrokes are wondrous ſore;
For ſweethearts I may get many a one,
but a father I ne'er will get more.

She took out a handkerchief of holland ſo fine
and wip'd her father's bloody wounds,

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Which ran more clear than the red wine,
and fork'd in the cold ground.

O chuſe you, chuſe you, Lady Marg'ret he ſaid,
whether you will go or bide?
I muſt go with you, Lord William, ſhe ſaid,
ſince you 've left me no other guide.

He lifted her on a milk white ſteed,
and himſelf on a dapple grey,
With a blue gilded horn hanging down by his ſide,
and ſlowly they both rode away.

Away they rode, and better they rode,
till they came to yonder ſand;
Till once they came to yon clear river ſide,
and there they lighted down.

They lighted down to take a drink
of the ſpring that ran ſo clear;
And there ſhe ſpy'd his pretty heart's blood,
a running down the ſtream.

Hold up, hold up, Lord William, ſhe ſays,
for I fear that you are ſlain:
'Tis nothing but the ſhade of my ſcarlet clothes
that is ſparkling down the ſtream.

He lifted her on a milk-white ſteed,
and himſelf on a dapple grey,
With a blue gilded horn hanging down by his ſide,
and ſlowly they both rode away.

Away they rode, and better they rode,
till they came to his mother's bower;

Till once they came to his mother's bower,
and down they lighted there.

O mother! mother, make my bed,
and make it ſoft and fine,
And lay my lady cloſe at my back,
that I may ſleep moſt ſound.

Lord William he dy'd ere middle of the night,
Lady Marg'ret long ere day;
Lord William he died for pure true love,
and Lady Marg'ret for ſorrow.

Lord William was buried in St Mary's Kirk,
the other in St Mary's Quire;
Out of William's grave ſprung a red roſe,
and out of Margaret's a brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
as they wad fain be near;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
they were twa lovers dear.

THE SHEPHERD'S COURTSHIP.

THIS evening as milking I ſat,
Palemon, dear youth, paſſed by,
He wanted with me for to chat,
I perceiv'd by the glance of his eye.
Glance of, &c.

I lov'd the ſhepherd 'tis true,
though to him I carry'd it ſhy;

And he might have ſeen it I vow,
had he minded the glance of my eye.

At length though he ventur'd to ſpeak,
then told me he ſurely would die,
And his heart it was ready to break,
I could ſee by the glance of his eye.

His paſſion he told me was true,
then ſent me a look and a ſigh;
'Twas marriage he wanted, I knew
full well by the glance of his eye.

By this time my milking was done,
the ſwain told me night was juſt by,
Then wanted my pail to take home,
I obſerv'd by the glance of his eye.

Well, on to my mother we went,
the ſhepherd aſk'd me to comply;
I gave him a joyful conſent,
and the parſon on us glanc'd his eye.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
for there will be lilting there,
For Jock 's to be marry'd to Maggie,
the laſs wi' the gouden hair.

And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
and bannocks of barley-meal,

And there will be good ſa't herring,
to reliſh a cog of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sandy the ſouter,
and Will wi' the meikle mou';
And there will be Tam the bluter,
with Andrew the tinkler, I trow;

And there will be bow'd legged Robbie,
with thumbleſs Katie's goodman,
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
and Lowrie the laird of the land.

And there will be ſow-libber Patie,
and plucky-fac'd Wat o' the mill,
Capper-nos'd Patie, and Gibbie,
that wins in the how o' the hill.

And there will be Alaſter Sibby,
wha in wi' black Beſſie did mool,
With ſniveling Lilly, and Tibby,
the laſs that ſtands aft on the ſtool.

And Madge that was buckled to Stenie,
and coft him grey breeks to his arſe,
Wha after was hangit for ſtealing,
great mercy it happen'd na warſe;

And there will be gley'd Geordy Janners,
and Kirſt wi' the lily-white leg,
Wha gade to the ſouth for manners,
and bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
and blinking daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' ſlae-lugged ſharney-fac'd Lawrie,
and ſhangy mou'd haluket Meg.

And there will be happer-ars'd Nancy,
and fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
With Maudie, and fat-hipped Grizy,
the laſs wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
And miſle ſhin'd Mungo Macapie,
the lad that was ſkipper himſel'.

There lads and laſſes in pearling,
will feaſt in the heart o' the ha',
On ſibows and rifarts and carlings,
that are baith ſodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
wi' fouth of good gabbocks o' ſkate,
Powſowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
and caller nowt-feet in a plate.

And there will be partans and buckies,
and whytens and ſpeldings enow,
With ſing'd ſheep-heads, and a haggies,
and ſcadlips to ſup till ye ſpew.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,
and ſowens, and farls, and babs,
With ſwats, and weil-ſcraped paunches,
and brandy in ſtoups and in caps.

And there will be lang-kail, and caſtocks,
wi' ſkiuk to ſup till ye rive,
And roaſts to roaſt on a brander,
of fleuks that were taken alive.

Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulſe, and tangle,
and a mill of good ſniſhing to prie,
When weary wi' eating and drinking,
we'll riſe up and dance till we die.

Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
for there will be lilting there,
For Jock's to be married to Maggy,
the laſs wi' the gowden hair.

THE FAREWELL.

OH! how ſhall I in language weak,
my ardent paſſion tell,
Or form my fault'ring tongue to ſpeak,
that cruel word, farewell!

Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
my thoughts can never ſtray;
Go where I will, my conſtant heart,
muſt with my charmer ſtay.

FINIS.

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